

The Saturday Evening Post.

VOLUME I.

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CONDITIONS.

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LINES FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

To die! and he no more—to lie
In cold oblivion 'mid the silent dead,—
With the vile worm in low obscurity

The coffin'd rest—the grave's cold earthly bed!

Was it for this, departed sages, say,
Was it for this ye turned the mystic page,
Explored each path in science' dubious way,—
Ye brilliant meteors of a transient age!

Was it for this, ye virtuous, that ye tol'd
In lonely plight thro' life's wan scene of care,
Was it for this that virtue's front recoil'd
From pleasing ills to fly to dark despair.

Was it for this that wisdom heav'd the sigh
Of boundless soul to grasp the hidden store
Of secrets vast that uncover'd he,
For mortal light and reason to explore.

Was it for this that laurel'd honour bled,
To raise the fabric of an earthly name,
To follow still where mad ambition led—
The grave the goal of a long race of fame!

Was it for this, in godly guise arrayed,
That vice, the monster, rear'd his horrid form,
The op'ning hope of innocence betrayed,
And crush'd the heart with passion's wildest storm.

Oh no! not this alone the cheerless end
That waits on human cares and mental strife,
The proudest hopes that reason joys to lend
Points to the bliss of renovated life.

The sage's labours, tho' a world may prize,
Heaven claims his virtues—there to bloom
again—

And virtue's sufferings gently reach the skies,
And plead for mercy there, nor plead in vain.

The warrior's trophy o'er the splendid tomb
May tell the glories of his busy day,
But heaven alone awards the secret doom
That proudest spirits hear but to obey.

Triumphant guilt may cheat the soul awhile,
The grave but opens to receive it here—
No sparkling hopes of bliss resplendent shine,
To joy the present or the future cheer.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

"Friendship's but a name,
A charm that lulls to sleep,
A breath that follows wealth and fame,
And leaves the wretch to weep.

When we consider the nature of man, his constitutional propensity to cherish the narrow principle of self love inherent within him, we find all his actions seem constantly directed to this end, as to a common centre in which they all terminate. This being the moving principle, his eye is set on his own private interest, even when he seems to look another way; and virtue, seems to be but a subordinate consideration in whatever he undertakes: so that it may well be doubted whether true, genuine friendship has any existence but in the chimeras of the imagination. A truly honest and virtuous heart is the only foundation of the altar on which friendship burns with a pure and holy flame. It is only where "heart meets heart reciprocally soft," that this heavenly virtue glows with a "bright complexion, cordial warmth and elevating spirit;" and justly, indeed, has it been said, that "friends grow not thick on every bough." Indeed, I have been sometimes almost ready to conclude, that "friendship is but a name," and that whatever fine spun stories have been drawn out respecting it—whatever fanciful ideas may exist in our imaginations, whether it is not a mere shadow, a chimera in society—as much so as the philosopher's stone, in chemistry—perpetual motion, in mechanics, or the square of a circle in geometry—and I set it down as a true axiom that that heart which is governed by self love, as its *primum mobile*, can never be the abode of true friendship. Such may, indeed, keep up a kind of social intercourse with his fellow creatures; he may bear with the foibles of his brethren, and live peaceably with them, but it is all from motives of policy and interest, and not from a spirit of love and friendship. And hence, we see, how easily these social ties are severed by jealousy, by envy, and by rival interests. The common friendships of the world, are kept up no longer than while we keep a constant guard upon our lips, study each other's tempers, flatter the self love and predominant passions of each other, and palliate our imperfections, without which the very appearance of friendship vanishes. How different this from that pure friendship elegantly pourtrayed by Dr. Young, where

"All feulence of falsehood is thrown down,
All social virtues rise in the soul.
As crystal clear, smiling as they rise!
Here nectar flows, it sparkles in our sight,
Rich to the taste and genuine from the heart,
High flavoured bliss for Gods—on earth how rare
On earth how lost!"

RECLUSE.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

The Hog-shead of Odd Things, No. 4.

Bonum, et amari a me vel alium puto.

Now, Mr. Printer, I for once will try,
To spin you out some rhymes—for who but knows
The very little worth of sober prose.

But if you ask me why,

And seriously would wish to know the cause,
(As poets dare not lie.)

I'll tell at once—it is to gain applause.

For some have said, (at least I heard they said,)

"This Hog-shead writer is a dull cold fellow."

And as they only judge from what they read,

I'll change the style, and try to be more mellow.

But 'twould be most provokingly unkind,

If after this my very best endeavour,

They all should laugh or say my Muse is blind—

And so I hope they'll be for once more clever.

And I've been told, the ladies love good rhyme—

Mt! bless their souls, I'd spend a week of time

Most willingly to please them—

And he, that poet Pope, was a great elf,

Who, as he couldn't love the girl himself,

Loved very much to tease them.

But by the Powers! what will the critics say?

methinks I see them coming rank and file;

But I'll still keep "the tenor of my way,"

And thus I'll sing, or try to sing the while—

Was in a street, one of the best in town,

Where many people wander up and down,

And look with keen scrutinizing eye

On whatsoever female passes by,

I met the girl—She looked upon me,

But I had no mind to speak—Then said she,

But I thought at least you might have spoken

Rudely, and shoud'ld some little token

On the remembrance of hours gone by—

And then I saw the tear come in her eye,

And then her bosom rose—and then a sigh,

Which she it seem'd could not suppress,

Bespeak the fair one in distress—

I pitied her—upon my soul I did—

But let that pity be forever hid,

For once I loved—or might, or could,

Have loved the girl, she was so good,

And when I left her, then I thought

On what I'd done, and what I ought—

And still I tried to drive her from my mind,

But still new thoughts would come—a kind

Too most unwelcome; such as his who thinks

On deeds at which stern justice never walks,

And though 'tis weeks, and many weeks ago,

Yet sometimes when the sun goes down so low

His rays are hid, and all the world benighted,

Tid'd darkned not, but by good moonlight lighted

When evening breezes blow thro' summer skies

Bid thoughts of love, *et cetera*, arise,

'Tis then I think of her—for once together,

On such an eve, we walked out—but whether

We talked of love or not, or of the weather,

Or looked and sight'd, or press'd each other's hand,

I leave for such as may to understand—

But this I think, and this I'll merely say,

All careful girls had better walk by day.

There, Mr. Printer, try that as a sample—

And if your readers seem to like the strain,

If you're a mind, and I myself feel ample,

Of course I'll try and write that style again.

HORATIOUS.

minie, as the minister of the parish was familiarly termed. The Domine was exactly suited to his situation—his talents were not of the first order, nor was his knowledge extensive, but he possessed plain good sense and sound judgment, and that kindness of disposition which loves all, and is, in turn, beloved by all. His piety was simple but very fervent—perhaps it is this sincerity that rendered his sermons impressive, for he certainly was not eloquent. His language was not choice, nor his style regular, yet have men's hearts melted and trembled before him. He had never married; indeed, his slender salary, although increased by teaching a school, would not allow him the comforts of a home—he, therefore, resided alternately with the different members of his congregation, and the house was thought blessed while it contained the pastor. Thus he became intimately acquainted with every one of his small flock. He joined with cheerfulness in all their moral sports, and echoed their sufferings with the same sincerity. Butler was distinguished by the minister's particular favour, and his daughter looked up to the Domine as to a second father. The good man had bestowed upon his favourite all his sum of learning. She was now sixteen, and being pronounced as wise as her instructor, she had quitted school to aid her mother in her domestic duties. As the father was now infirm, and the dame a busy housewife, the task of gathering the toll generally devolved on Letty, for that was her uneventful name. There was another reason that rendered her appropriate for this duty—in addition to reading and writing she had acquired a considerable knowledge of arithmetic which made her tolerably expert in changing dollars to shillings. A knowledge of the Bible, the Child's Instructor, and History of England, completed all Letty's literary attainments; but they were sufficient to engrave on her heart a grateful and fervent love of God; a strong sense of virtue; and, by bounding her hopes and wishes to the narrow scene her lot seemed cast in, to give her cheerfulness and contentment. It was a sultry summer evening, Letty had carried her spinning wheel to the side of the house, where, seated under a large tree, she busily spun, while she listened to the deep roaring of the fall as its light spray fell around her. She was roused from her employment by the sound of wheels, and looking up beheld a gig dashing violently down the steep hill that led to the bridge, and in spite of the prohibition pushed over the entrance and came full speed upon the trembling boards. She perceived that the driver had lost all command over his horse, who, frightened by the noise of the falling waters, with nostrils extended, seemed to spurn control, and drawing himself up prepared to jump from the bridge, when Letty running forward opened the gate. The furious animal rushed through and, before she could retreat, a violent blow from the wheel felled her to the ground—a stranger passing stopped the horse, while the gentleman, whose life Letty had preserved jumped from the gig, and carried her to the house. She had received a severe blow on the temple, and the effusion of blood was with difficulty stanched. The stranger waited till she recovered, then leaving a well filled purse on the table, he bade them adieu. A week had elapsed since this accident when the stranger returned—Letty was setting up supported by pillows—illness shed over her countenance a languor which, though it took from its bloom, gave it an air of refinement, and added to its interest. Even the black handkerchief that bound her wounded brow set off the snowy clearness of her complexion, while the drooping eyelid displayed its long dark lashes that gave a rich expression to a pair of eyes of heaven's own blue. Letty thanked the gentleman in her soft tones and artless language, for the attention he had shown, and expressed her regret at occasioning so much trouble in such a simple yet graceful manner as astonished her visitor. Mr. Thornby, as he announced himself, became a frequent guest at the cottage, and often condescended to share their humble repast. Indeed, he seemed to forget, in listening to the conversation of an untaught girl, that he had mixed with the learned, the witty, and the fashionable. He brought her books, and while he instructed her mind he won her affection. At length he returned to his party at Lake George; although unconscious of the motive in every excursion his steps were directed to Glen Cottage, and his spoils, game, fish, or even a wreath of wild flowers, were used as a pretext for the visit. But much as he revered the old man, and admired his daughter, Mr. Thornby never mentioned their names to his gay companions, or led them near the retreat of Butler, who delighted to talk of him to his friend the Domine. The old man, who, as I hinted before, did not possess much worldly wisdom, expressed his impatience to see their new friend; nor did he read in Letty's downcast eye and burning cheek, the secret of her bosom. Meantime, some business that called Thornby home, and detained him for some weeks, convinced him how dear the simple rustic had become to him—he sighed, and wished she was well born, how gladly would he marry her—and his heart swelled with rapture at the idea of passing his life with her, but it chilled to think she was a Toll-Gatherer's daughter. He determined to forget her, but the next moment he thought of her so lovely and gentle, that he set off again for Glen's Falls. His heart beat when he marked the flush of joy that lit up Letty's beautiful eyes when she saw him. Thornby talked of love—although Letty was silent, her blushes plainly told what her lips dared not to utter. One day as they were strolling through the woods that lined the banks of the stream, Letty interrupted her lover in the midst of an ardent declaration, by looking up with a blushing cheek as she innocently said, "but I am too young to marry." "Marry!" said Thornby, with the air of a man just awoken from a dream—"oh! we will not

think of that dear Letty," and throwing his arms around her, continued, "we can love without marriage." Letty withdrew from his embrace, and said in an earnest tone, "Then, although you love me better than life you do not think of marriage." Thornby was rather disconcerted, but replied, "My family, dearest girl, is rich and honorable, and—" "And I am the daughter of a beggar," said Letty, "I see it all vain, weak girl that I was, but you, sir, though a great and rich man, should have been a merciful one. Better," said the poor girl, unable to repress her tears, "better have left me to die in the road than to break my heart." As half choked with sobs she uttered these words, she hastened from her astonished lover. He followed her, imploring her pardon. Letty stopped, and with an effort that sent the blood to her heart, bade him depart forever, and not forget that her father, though old and infirm could protect his child from insult. There is a dignity in virtue that, even in the simple words of Letty, awed her dissolute admirer.—A woman of polished education might have expressed her sentiments in finer and more touching language, but she could not have shown greater firmness and dignity of mind than did the humble rustic. Letty walked, or rather ran home, and throwing herself on her bed, literally lifted up her voice and wept bitterly. Violent agitation working on a mind unused to great emotion, produced a fever, which jeopardized her life for some days. Her parents, and her friend the minister, watched by her side in sorrow. Her life was granted to their tender prayers. Letty recovered, but she was no longer the cheerful being who had gladdened the hearts of her friends.—The minister related her history to a lady in the neighborhood, who interested by his story, prevailed upon her parents to consent to her residing with her entirely, while she bestowed upon the old man a comfortable house, and a small but well stocked farm. Mrs. W. had retired from a world she had seen too much of, and knew too well to love, but she had brought to her retirement a mind well cultivated and a fund of useful knowledge. She took delight in opening to her protege these copious stores, and while she imparted substantial knowledge she also gave her a refinement of taste and manner, of which, from her education, she was necessarily destitute.—Two years glided on, but in the midst of her benevolent plans, Mrs. W. died, and Letty returned to her parents, wiser but not happier. She had gained refinement and cultivation, but she had not that willingness to be happy, if I may so express it, that marked her earlier days. The simple pleasures that once would have caused her heart to beat with rapture, were now dull and vapid, and she was shocked to perceive that the recollection of the luxuries she enjoyed in Mrs. W.'s mansion, rendered her at first discontented with the humble habits of her father's cottage.—At this period, a neighbouring farmer, young and wealthy, offered his hand to Letty. Her parents urged her to accept him, and, at length, wearied by their importunities, she consented to give her hand, but protested that she could not beseech her heart. A week before the intended marriage was to take place, as one evening the family were enjoying, at the porch of the house, the cool breezes of twilight, an exclamation of alarm from Letty caused her father to look up from his Bible, when he recognized the features of Thornby. "Come no here young man," said the indignant father—"depart while you may do so in peace." "One word," said Thornby, and, passing the old man, he threw himself at Letty's feet and implored her forgiveness. "I have been a wretched wanderer," he said, "but with Letty's pardon, and yours, sir," turning to Butler, "I shall find happiness and rest." It is not necessary to state, that the long-loved Thornby did not plead in vain. The farmer was dismised, and in a week the lovers were united in polished circles and fashionable society. Thornby never had cause to blush for the Toll-Gatherer's Daughter.

AN INSCRIPTION
Over a calm and clear Spring in Blenheim Gardens
Here quench your thirst, and mark in me,
An emblem of true Charity;
Who while my bounty I bestow,
Am neither seen, or heard to flow:
Yet ever full supplied from Heaven,
For every cup of water given. W. P. S.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

MESSRS. EDITORS.—Your discontented correspondent "Thespis," has again brought into notice the different situations of the respective entrances into the Theatre. One might have supposed that sufficient had been said in a former communication which appeared some months since, relative to that subject. My surprise is awakened, that a thing so trivial in itself, should be made the substance of a column of your paper, when, even admitting the importance of it, the evil is beyond a remedy. The gentleman seems to take pride that his spacious doors should alone be allotted for the entrance into the boxes, when those whom "birth or fortune" have ordained for the pit, must enter it by a narrow passage leading to less respectable street." Truly, this is a misfortune for that class of society. The *respectability* of the street must necessarily impress them with an inferiority to those more exalted in the boxes, by reason of having come from street of superior respectability. Thespis must have been dosing, or he certainly could not have given that for the truth of what he really thought. The liability of the Theatre to fire is certainly true—the advantage of egress, in such a case, has been provided for, yet, your correspondent intimates, that by the present disposal of the various passages, one part of the audience is more likely to be endangered than another. Can any person suppose this to be the actual state of it? I sincerely believe that the advantage is equal in proportion to all parts of the house. I say in proportion, for as the boxes contain a greater number than the pit, and the pit than the gallery, the means whereby they may be emptied are accordingly provided for. It is asked what advantage is there in the present arrangement—The gentleman must have necessarily perceived the advantage, if he had ever noticed the bustle and confusion attendant on the breaking up after the play, in the last Theatre. Here were persons crowding from Box,

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Saturday, October 19, 1822.

Piracies of the most daring and atrocious character are daily accumulating—the ocean, it would seem, is literally crowded with piratical cruisers, who, sailing under different flags, commit their depredations indiscriminately on all vessels that are not fortunate enough to elude their grasp. The cruel and unrelenting acts of these freebooters beggars all description. The uncivilized savages have more regard for the feelings of humanity—they do not torture their victims with such sanguinary ferocity. Such is the impunity of these desperadoes, and the impotence and incapacity of the government of Cuba, that regular fortifications are now built on that island—one in the neighbourhood of Cape Antonio, and another upon Cayo Romano, in the old Bahama Channel, whence, with Sugar-Key for a look-out, they issue upon every defenceless vessel, and frequently murder whole crews, after committing a thousand different excesses on them.

Pirates—The Charleston papers are filled with accounts of fresh depredations, committed by pirates, issuing from the Isle of Cuba. These marauders have adopted a new method of extorting money from the unfortunate persons who fall into their hands. After binding the captains and supercargoes, they place them over a slow fire and torture them into a confession of where their money is concealed. In one case, that of the brig Hannah, of and for Philadelphia, from St. Jago de Cuba, the captain, his brother and the passengers, five in number, were lashed below round the companion way, a fire made round them, and they were kept in that position until nearly roasted; and when the fire was extinguished, life was hardly left, all of them flogged and beat with cutlasses, and the cook hung until he had no sign of life, when he was recovered by pricking with a bayonet, to make him confess there was money on board. The brig was left literally a wreck, her cabin cut to pieces in searching for money.

The account which we published in our last, detailing a number of disastrous occurrences which took place during the late gale at Charleston, S. C., were trifling in comparison with the destruction which accompanied the tornado in its course over the different plantations and adjacent islands. We copy the following from the National Intelligencer, which will afford some idea of the effects of this awful calamity, as our limits would barely afford us room to enter into a detail of them.

By a gentleman from Marion Court House we learn, that one of his neighbors who had returned from Georgetown by water, since the storm, did not see a house standing on the banks of the river, such had been the destruction on the Rice plantations. Such had been the universal prostration of trees or wood land, that communication was totally cut off by the roads, and almost entirely so between even contiguous plantations. Upwards of 30 men employed in endeavoring to clear the road of impediments, had, in several days not been able to make greater progress than a mile per day. The roads, indeed, were almost obliterated, and with difficulty to be found. A stout man with an excellent horse, in two days, was able to travel but 14 miles, though making every effort to advance. In short, nothing was ever heard of, exceeding the horrors of this storm. It lasted about four hours.

Local Affairs.

Judge Peters has placed in the conversation room of the Atheneum, to be exhibited there for one week, the model of the stepping mill used in several prisons in England, for the purpose of employing the convicts constantly. It is the intention of the Judge to forward it to Harrisburg at the time of the meeting of the Legislature.

The corner-stone of St. Matthew's Church, at the corner of Schuylkill north Fourth, and Powell street, was laid this week, by the Rev. Bishop White. This is the third Episcopal Church, founded in Philadelphia and its suburbs, during the present year, besides others of different denominations.

The keel of an 120 gun ship will be laid at our Navy Yard, next week. The building of this splendid vessel will go on under the immediate direction of Captain Bainbridge.

At a meeting of the Commissioners of the incorporated District of the N. Liberties, on Tuesday last, DANIEL GROVES, Esq. was re-elected President of the Board, for the ensuing year.

The Selectmen Common Councils of this city, at their assembly on Tuesday morning last, unanimously re-elected ROBERT WHARTON, Esq. Mayor, for the ensuing year.

We understand, that Colonel Robert Patterson, of this city, will be fortunate holder of the ticket in the Second class of the Pennsylvania State Lottery, which on Tuesday last drew the prize of Eight thousand dollars.

FROM COLOMBIA.
Advices by the schr. Dauntless, arrived at Baltimore from Laguira, states that the day before she sailed, information was received of the capture of Maracaibo by gen. Micaela, without opposition. Gen. Paez, with 5000 men, had marched some days previous for Maracaibo, and general Soublette was to leave Curacao next day for the same place with a like number. The fleet sailed from Laguira for Maracaibo a week before.

A letter from Caracas, under date of the 12th of September, says, the commander of the Patriot fleet has orders to attack the naval force under Morales, as he is unaccompanied by the frigate Ligera.

Among the variety of places of public amusement, wonderful performances and strange sights which now abound in this good city of brotherly love, the Sea Serpent, which was caught on the eastern shore of New-Jersey a few months past, and now exhibiting at No. 254 Market street, near Eighth, is certainly not the least, being more than 32 feet in length, and 15 in circumference. Perhaps not one person in an hundred has had an opportunity, before this, of beholding one of the monsters of the great deep, of such dimensions, and perhaps may not, shortly, again.

CIRCUS.—We witnessed Mr. Hunter's first appearance on Wednesday evening last.—The reception he met with from a numerous and fashionable audience, must have been as gratifying to his feelings as the singular and wonderful feats which he displayed were calculated to elicit plaudits from every beholder. In riding, Mr. H. far surpasses any other performer that has come under our notice, both for his easy and graceful deportment during the performance, and the manner in which he manages his horse, without Saddle or Bridle.—The acquisition of such talents are calculated doubly to enhance the pleasure which is to be derived from attending our Equestrian exhibitions—they not only present very great attractions in themselves, but will serve to render the rest of the corps still more ambitious and enterprising in their endeavours to excel.

The new ship Alexander, owned by T. P. Cope & Sons, now lying at Walnut street wharf, and which vessel is intended by these enterprising merchants as one of a regular line of packets between this port and Liverpool, attracts by her splendid accommodations, the visits of admiring crowds.—Hangings of damask crimson silk, and Brussels carpets of the most elegant patterns, adorn the sides and floors of her cabin state rooms, and the other furniture corresponds in beauty, forming a tout ensemble not surpassed by any vessel in this country.

More Pirates taken.—By the schooner Richard, arrived on Thursday evening from Havana, we learn that the United States sloop of war Peacock, had taken five piratical schooners, three of which were burnt. The remaining two took possession, and one of them arrived at Havana the day the Richard sailed. The Peacock secured twenty-five prisoners; the remainder succeeded in making their escape.—*N. Y. Nat. Ad.*

Deaths during the last week.

In this city, the total number of deaths were 73—adults 47, children 26. Of these, there were 22 cases of different grades of fever.

In New-York, there were 70 deaths, viz. adults 56, children 34—Twelve died of the yellow fever, and twenty-four new cases were reported.

In Baltimore, the deaths amounted to 75—adults 53, children 36—*Forty three persons died of the Fever.*

MURDER—On Wednesday morning last, one Jeremiah Rhind, who had been taken up the night previous, at his house in Delaney street, N. York, for the crime of murder, was brought before a magistrate, when the following circumstances were given in evidence against him. Rhind had contracted a jealousy of the unfortunate victim of his vengeance in regard to his wife. On the night which preceded the catastrophe, having somewhere fallen in with Findley, he invited and pressed him home to his house, where he regaled him till the full hour of bedtime in all the seeming warmth of friendship. Findley was then retiring, but Rhind insisted that he should still remain, and finally that he should stay all night and sleep with him, and that his wife should take another bed. Findley, unhappily, was weak enough to yield to his persuasions, and went to bed with him. Rhind rose in the night, when he found Findley sound asleep, fell on him with a heavy pair of tongs, beating him mostly about the head, and, as would seem from the coroner's report of the mangled state in which it appeared on the inquest, the left temple particularly was completely stove in, and the bone demolished, nor did he desist till his death must have been truly effected.

As it is the production of a native American, we hope a liberal and discerning public will not be backward in appreciating its merits.

Republican Simplicity—On Monday last, the 7th instant, the day of Albinmarle Court, THOMAS JEFFERSON, JAMES MADISON and JAMES MONROE, with several other distinguished citizens, attracted by various arrangements, attended at Charlottesville. It is an agreeable spectacle to see such men meeting together and mingling without any parade with the mass of their countrymen—None of that absurd pomp which accompanies a royal trip to Dublin or Edinburgh!—No political cause need distract these gentlemen together—but the holy cause of Education. The two Ex Presidents and the present President, are visitors of the University of Virginia—for whose interests they were collected.

—*Richmond Enq.*

Private letters from Lexington (Ken.) state that Mr. Clay, who had been seriously indisposed with the bilious fever, is now convalescent.

CRUZE OF THE U. S. SCHR. PORPOISE.—Charleston, Oct. 19.—The United States schr. Porpoise, James Ramage, Esq. commander, arrived yesterday in this harbour, from a long interesting cruise on the coast of South America. She has visited St. Barts, St. Thomas, Porto Cabello, Curacao, St. Martha, Chagre and Havana. According to reports, it appears that on the coast of Colombia our trade is respected by the naval forces of that republic—but on the contrary, the forces of Spain capture and condemn all vessels they meet with, trading to or from ports in possession of the Paraguays.

Porto Cabello is the only place that holds out against the Colombian forces, but it is more than probable that ere this it has surrendered.

The Government of Colombia, in the ports above mentioned, is well organized, and every disposition evince to favour the commerce of the United States.

The Porpoise parted company with the U. S. ship of war Peacock, Capt. Cassin, 10 days since, off Havana, the crew in good health.

We understand that the Porpoise has the most indomitable and irresistible evidence, in addition to what has already transpired, to prove the piratical character of the Panchita, alias Palma, now in this port.

A Liverpool paper, which has reached us by the last arrival, states the exploits of Lieutenant Midway, of the British navy, during a cruise of three months, on the coast of Africa, which we record for the benefit of negro thieves of all nations. He captured the Spanish schooner Yearman, 300 tons, eight long 18 pounders and two long ones, 55 men, 380 slaves—Spanish schooner Perou, 180 tons, eight long 18 pounders, one long 9, 45 men, 308 slaves—French brig Vigilante, 240 tons, four long 12 pound carromades, 39 men, 318 slaves—French brig Petit Betsy, 113 tons, four long 9 pound carromades, 25 men, 215 slaves—French brigantine L'Ursule, 160 tons, four 9 pounders, 27 men, 247 slaves.—In the space of three months, one thousand four hundred and ninety-six human beings were released from servitude and chaos, and restored to parents, children, friends, and country, by the exertions of this gallant officer.—*Balt. Mon. Chron.*

The number of applicants for the benefit of the insolvent laws, to the court now in session, is not less than three hundred.

The importance of a vote.—We are informed that Col. Forrest is elected to supply the vacancy in the present Congress, occasioned by the resignation of William Milnor, by a majority of one vote, over Daniel H. Miller, Esq. the Democratic candidate.

At the late election, the borough of Hanover, which contains two hundred taxables,

gave—eight votes!

The Governor has issued his warrant for the execution of David Lampher. It is to take place at Meadowlawn, on Friday the first day of November next. This is the second case of the same unpleasant nature, that has come before the present Governor since his installation.

Bridgeton (N. J.) Whig.

Ingenuity.—A person named Samuel Rodgers, living in Maurice River Township, in this county, has woven a shirt in all its parts, complete, without a seam. It is said the wristbands, shoulder straps, collar, and even the button holes, are so ingeniously worked, that it is not necessary to apply the needle to any part of the shirt.—Let the ladies look out or they may soon find our ingenious mechanics superseding them in the use of the needle—and so throw them out of employment altogether.

Bridgeton (N. J.) Whig.

THE NEWS FROM FRANCE.

By an arrival from France, accounts have been received, which differ considerably in complexion from the advices we have for some time past published relative to the affairs of the Greeks and Turks. The French accounts state that the Greeks had been defeated in several engagements. They are quoted from the Austrian Observer, which rests its belief of this fact on letters from Trieste and Augsburg, which allude to the original invasion of Chourchid Pacha into the Morea. It appears, that previous to the 25th of July the Greeks were retreating in every direction, and that the Turkish Pacha was in full march for Corinth. Determined however, to conquer or die, the invaded rallied their forces, and attacked the invaders, whom they defeated with the loss of 3000 killed, besides prisoners and wounded. Subsequent accounts from Ipsara, speak confidently of the Turks having been constantly beaten "since the brilliant affairs of the 25th and 26th of July," and that "there remain very few of the 25,000 men who entered the Morea." Although these advantages on the side of the patriots are not so great as at first represented, the victory appears nevertheless to have been decisive, and to have compelled the Turkish commander to retrace his steps.

THE TREADING MILLS.

One of the late London papers announces the singular fact, that on the 12th of September, at the Town-hall, Southwark, there was no charge, either of felony, misdemeanor, or assault, within the extensive district of five parishes, from the night before. Crimes of all descriptions had lessened very much; and this decrease, it is said, is owing entirely to the heavy and tedious labour upon the prisoners at the mill. Orders had been given for the erection of severalmills in England.

DRAMATIC.

Mr. Matthews' finished his engagement at Baltimore on Monday evening last.—It being his benefit night, the theatre was crowded—such a large and fashionable audience, it is said, have not been assembled together at that place for a number of years. We understand, Mr. M. goes to Washington city before he returns to the north.

Mr. Kean (says a late London paper,) has been seriously indisposed, and although convalescent, was unable, at the last accounts, to leave his bed.

Lord Byron's forth-coming new tragedy is said to be founded on a Swedish story. Mrs. Cockle, lady of well known poetical talents, wrote a tragedy on the same subject a few years ago, which was accepted, and even under rehearsal at the late Drury-lane Theatre, but the fire at that place prevented its representation.

COMMUNICATION.

MR. PORTER'S BENEFIT.

On Thursday evening next, 3d inst., Mr. Porter, of the Prince-street Theatre, will take his benefit, on which occasion, together with other entertainments, as will be presented in the bills of that day, will be presented a grand new Melo Drama, never before acted, entitled "The Forest of Olivarus: or, the Exiled Nobleman," from the pen of a young gentleman of this city.

As it is the production of a native American, we hope a liberal and discerning public will not be backward in appreciating its merits.

MARRIED.

On Thursday evening, the 3d inst., by the Rev. Dr. Stoughton, PETER SPRINGER, Esq. of New-Castle, to the amiable and accomplished Miss ELIZABETH HYNDLDS, of this city.

On Monday evening, by the Rev. Mr. Harold, Mr. FRANCIS TATE, to Mrs. EMMA, daughter of Mr. Joseph Beyley, all of this city.

At Lancaster, Pa. on the 3d inst., by the Rev. Mr. Elliott, Mr. ISRAEL KURTZ, of that city, to Miss CAROLINE OSWALD, daughter of the late John H. Oswald, Esq. of Philadelphia.

On the morning of the 15th inst. at Trenton, N. J. by Robert McNeely, Master of the city, to JOHN B. BRICK, to ELIZABETH KINSEY, both of John H. Oswald, Esq. of Philadelphia.

On Wednesday evening last, by the Rev. Mr. Miller, Mr. GEORGE BARTHOLOMEW, to Miss MARY ANN HOOVER, all of this city.

On Thursday, the 17th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Peter Keyser, Mr. JACOB M. THOMAS, Merchant, to Miss KETURAH, daughter of Mr. George Gorgas, all of this city.

—*Lancaster Daily Journal.*

On Saturday evening last, Mr. ANDREW VAN DUSEN, aged 55.

On Saturday evening last, ANDREW DUODING, aged 23.

On Tuesday morning, Mr. CHARLES PERRY, Merchant, of this city, aged 46.

On Friday morning, after a severe illness, EDWARD P. COX, aged 20.

On Tuesday last, Miss HANNAH BROOME, aged 20.

On Sunday evening last, Mr. ANDREW VAN DUSEN, aged 57.

In this city, on Sunday morning, JOHN SPAYD, Esq. of Reading, Pa. son-in-law of the present Governor of Pennsylvania.

On Wednesday morning, Mrs. ELIZABETH HARRISON, wife of Major Thomas Harrison.

On Thursday morning, Mr. JOHN THORN, Bookseller, aged 40.

On Wednesday, at his residence at Point Pleasant, Mr. BENJAMIN PRENTISS, aged 23.

At Boston, Mass. on Sunday last, aged 36.

On Thursday, Mrs. MARY O'CONNOR, aged 70, widow of the late Mr. Michael O'Connor, Sudbury, at Fowkeford, Pa. on the 12th inst.

Mr. JACOB B. FAUNCE.

In this city, on Wednesday evening, Mrs. ELIZABETH DELAVAN, aged 29, widow of Mr. Henry W. Delavan, of Albany.

At New Orleans, Sept. last, of the prevailing fever, Mr. JOHN RANDALL, aged 23, house carpenter, formerly of Philadelphia.

At Hindostan (India) on the 16th inst. Mrs. MARGARET DOANE, aged 22, formerly of Philadelphia.

Near Natchez, Miss. on the 3d inst. H. C. LEWIS, Printer, late of Philadelphia.

In England, Mr. ROBERTS, who drew about \$2000 in the lottery, and remained in plenty till his death, which was occasioned by a fall

—*Philadelphia Evening Post.*

No. 227, of Page's Register of Real Estate.]

Germantown Property.—For Sale, or Exchange for Dry Goods.

A valuable Lot of Ground, with

the buildings thereon erected, situated on the main street in Germantown, Philadelphia County, facing the property of — Detarcho, Esq. The lot contains

two acres of land highly cultivated, the improvements are a convenient wod. built two story stone

House, carriage house, stable, &c. Also on the premises, a variety of fruit trees, of the best grafted

fruit. Possession can be given immediately if required. For further information apply to

—*St. Louis Daily Journal.*

